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For The Child's Paper.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S FIRST BIBLE.

Johnny did not care much for toy-shops and candy-stalls; but book-shops and book-stalls he could never pass without wishing he had money to buy something. His library consisted of all manner of little story-books; but he had no Bible he could call his own; and as he had now exchanged frock and petticoats for pants and round-about, and felt himself a man every inch of him, he must have a Bible.

In Scotland, both old and young appear in church with a Bible. They would no more think of going to church without their Bible, than without their coat and hat. All his brothers had Bibles to take to church and Sabbath-school, and why not he? A Bible he must have; but *how*, he knew not. It was no use, he thought, to ask his mother for one, he was too young. His brothers were older than he before they got theirs.

In this dilemma the thought flashed on his mind, "Do not go near a book-stall, or window of a book-shop, to be tempted to give your pennies for little story-books, but lay them up till you have enough to buy a Bible." No sooner was this plan thought of than it was acted upon. Often were the pennies counted, and long did the time appear to be, yet he kept to his purpose; and when the pennies amounted to twelve, he got them exchanged for a shilling in silver. The shillings slowly multiplied—one, two, three, and four. Only one more, and a pocket Bible would be his. At last he had the twelve pennies, and taking his four shillings from their hiding-place, and his twelve pennies, off he started to Mr. Knight's book-shop, determined to surprise and please his mother when he should return and show her his pretty new *pocket Bible*.

Merrily did he bound into Mr. Knight's shop, saying, "Sir, I want to buy a Bible." "A Bible!" said Mr. Knight. "What, can you read in the

Bible so soon?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what kind of Bible do you wish?" "A *pocket Bible*, sir." Mr. Knight then took down a very common one, and said, "Such as that, I suppose." "No, sir, I want a better." He took down a better, saying, "That, then, will be the thing; wont it?" "No, sir." "It is cheap," said he, "only half-a-crown." "I don't like it. I want a better. What is the price of those bound in red morocco and gilt edge?" "Five shillings sterling," Mr. Knight replied. "Well," said Johnny, "give me one of them," and down went his five shillings on the counter.

But Mr. Knight gave him a piercing look, and said, "You able to buy a five-shilling Bible! Where did you get that money? Did your mother give it you? Does she know that you have come to buy a five-shilling Bible? Are you sure you got that five shillings in a right way?" This was too much for Johnny's honest heart. Pride, grief, and indignation so swelled his little bosom, that to give utterance to a word in reply was impossible. He burst into a flood of tears, all the time making his strongest efforts to speak, but could not. Mr. Knight put his five shillings in his drawer, and the Bible back on the shelf, and said to Johnny, "I see how it is. Go home and tell your mother to come and see me."

Johnny saw and felt that Mr. Knight considered him a *thief*, and thought he had *stolen* the five shillings. He ran home, threw himself over his mother's knees, and there lay writhing and sobbing, but unable to utter a word that was intelligible. His mother felt alarmed, and begged him to tell her what or who had hurt him, and began to unloose his clothes to find out where he was hurt. He struggled to prevent her doing so. She had become almost frantic, and in agony of mind said, "What is it then? Do try and tell your mother, my dear little Johnny." At last she understood the words, "Knight—Bible—money—thief." "What," said she, "have you been to Mr. Knight's to buy a Bible, and he thought you were a *thief* and had *stolen* the money?" "Yes—yes—yes," he sobbed out. She then soothed and comforted him, till his feelings having become more tranquil, he told her the whole story, when off she started to see Mr. Knight.

Mr. Knight saw she had been crying, and was still somewhat excited. He told her what he had done, and why he did it. She thanked him for his well-meant kindness to her child and to her, but told him how much he had mistaken the character of her son, and that his rash act had well-nigh broke his little heart, stating to him the effects it had produced on his mind and feelings by his thinking him a *thief* and that he had *stolen* the money. She then told him of his love of books, even before he could read them without spelling; that to possess a Bible of his own, he had made a resolve to keep away from book-stalls and book-shop windows, where he might be tempted to spend his pennies, but would lay them up till he could buy a pocket Bible; that he had kept his resolve, and the five shillings he laid down for his Bible were the patient and honest proceeds of that resolution.

The good old gentleman, who was a pious man,

was much affected, begged the mother's pardon for the unnecessary pain he had caused her child and her, and said, "Go home, ma'am, and send your little son back to me."

Next day little Johnny started for Mr. Knight's shop. As soon as Mr. Knight saw him, he stepped to the door and called him in, took him by the hand, patted his head, asked his pardon, and led him into the shop, and told the gentlemen who were there at the time the history of the way in which the boy had raised the money to buy a Bible. They all praised him, and called him a good boy, while Mr. Knight took down the Bible, wrapped it in paper, and coming outside the counter, kissed him, put it into his little hand, and returned to him his five shillings, saying, "Now, my dear little boy, go home to your mother; keep the Bible for yourself, and read it, and God Almighty bless you. Give your mother the five shillings, and whenever you want a book come to me. I shall not lose sight of you. I shall call at your mother's to see you." Nor did the good man ever lose sight of Johnny, but to his dying day he was better to him than all he promised to be.

By the grace of God, Johnny soon learned to love his Bible and his Sabbath-school as he had never before; and at an early age he gave his heart to his Saviour, and himself to be a missionary of the cross to the perishing heathen.

You may learn by this story, dear children, how easily the best action may be misunderstood; how careful you should be in judging of others and of their actions; how painful it is for an honest, upright child to be suspected of dishonesty; how surely shall the *righteous shine* at last; how good comes out of seeming evils. This trial made Johnny to be known, loved, and befriended by many to whom, but for this circumstance, he would never have been known. How do you spend your pennies? Have you a Bible? If you have one, will you not save your pennies to buy a Bible for heathen children? If you have not a Bible, save them to buy one for yourselves; for by this book you may be made wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ, and ready and able for every good word and work.

J. G.



For The Child's Paper.

PICKING BLACKBERRIES.

The old blackberry woman, in her old wagon, with her old horse and every thing old but the fine, fresh, delicious berries which filled the pails in the bottom of the old wagon, was a team we liked to see stopping at our door, for there was the *hope* of blackberries. How good they looked! how *tasty*! She asked high, therefore mother did not always buy; and Josh used to vent his disapprobation by calling her "old miser" in a most judicial manner. But when mother *did*, and a plate of the shiny, black, cool, delicious fruit was placed upon the tea-table, we all ate Marm Nason's blackberries heartily, and thought her very good for bringing them.

In the winter, when she fetched her elderberry wine, she promised to take Mary with her in blackberry-time. What a delightful promise was that. It was laid up in the snuggest corner of Mary's heart; and when spring came, with its buds and blossoms, it was often taken out and held up to the family consideration. To go blackberrying!

Would that happy day ever come? It did come. One hot morning in September the old team pulled up before the door, and Mary was asked to be ready on its return from market, to go and spend the day in the blackberry pastures. The hot, damp weather was ripening the fruit fast, and the old wagon was coming back with a fresh load in the afternoon. Happy Mary! What pail should she carry? What basket was *big enough* to bring home her pickings?

"Yes," said Josh, who wanted to go too, "and the best of it is, you won't have to pay that old cheat; you'll get 'em for *nothing*."

"Hardly that," said father, who stood by seeing the preparations.

"She won't have to pick and pay too, will she?" asked Josh, indignantly.

"We'll see what they cost," said father.

Dressed in a clean cool calico and white cape bonnet, with her mother's second best parasol to ward off the hot noon-tide rays, basket in hand—mortifyingly small, in her opinion—Mary started in the old wagon. The old berry woman proved a most agreeable travelling companion the four or five miles' ride, and her black cottage at the end of it, with her grandson Peter at the door expecting them, was more delightful than a palace to Mary's expectant eyes on that warm September day.

After resting and eating dinner, cooked by Peter himself, they set forth to the pasture. On the way the little girl discovered how thick, "thick as grasshoppers" was, for every step they took scared and scattered them in every direction. Lively times! Soon they were among the high bushes. Several women were there picking. Mary skipped about in high glee, snatching and eating and chatting, although she soon saw that picking was not a very sociable business, each one straying off among the thickets, quite regardless of the others. Nor was she sorry to go her way, especially when Pete, inclined to "boss" her, said "she musn't eat, she must pick"—a view of things not to her taste.

A serious drawback to enjoyment, however, was the onslaught of mosquitoes. Such frightful bites! Then the still, stifling heat. Not a breath of air was stirring among the bushes. Her parasol, where was it? Marm Nason, after a while, with motherly regard, came hunting up the little girl. She looked into her basket. The proof of diligence was considerably wanting. "If you carry the berries home one way you can't another," said the old berry woman—a way of putting the thing at once convincing and conclusive. "I'm going to pick for my basket now," she said, clambering up a rock to make sure of a loaded spray overhead. Losing foothold, down she pitched into the bush, tearing her dress and staining her bonnet. Not to cry was impossible.

By sunset Mary presented herself at home, red with heat, bit by mosquitoes, scratched by thorns, dress torn, bonnet soiled, parasol lost, and berries—there was a small plateful. Peter gave her some of his.

"I reckon you found it tough work, Mary," cried Josh, evidently with little respect for her afternoon's work.

"Every thing in this world, you see, my children, has its price," said father; "every harvest its toil, every work its labor."

"I know it's hard picking berries," said Mary, "that's what I know." And it was a lesson I do not think she ever forgot. When she grew up, her servants were well paid, her washwoman was well paid, her seamstresses were well paid, for she knew that every thing in the world had its price—*every thing*. The soldier must pay his price for a soldier's glory; that price is the cold ground for a pillow, midnight marches, the smoke of battle, risk of life and limb. If you don't pay the price, you can't have a soldier's fame. If you want learning, you must pay the price of hard study. For wealth, you must pay the price of grinding labor. Every sin too has its price. You cannot lie or cheat without paying for it in shame and degradation. You cannot drink, smoke, and give way to self-indulgence without its price—loss of health, vigor,

perhaps reason itself. And so, dear children, you cannot expect to have the virtues which crown a noble life without noble aims, without resistance to temptation, self-denial, and earnestness. You cannot have pardon without penitence, and the blood of Christ to take your sins away. You cannot have the fruits of piety without daily prayer, watchfulness, and Christian nurture. Without the Christian's cross, you can never wear the Christian's crown.

What things will you pay for? That's the great question of your life.

H. C. K.



At one of the Newfoundland fisheries, a boat and crew trying to enter a small harbor found themselves outside a long line of breakers, in great peril. The wind and weather had changed since the boat went out in the morning, and her getting safely back seemed pretty doubtful. The people on shore saw her danger, but could not help her. Every moment increased the danger, and anxious friends ran to and fro. Among the crowd was a large dog, which seemed fully alive to the peril of the boat and the anxiety of those on shore. He watched the boat, surveyed the breakers, and appeared to think as earnestly as anybody, *What could be done?*

At last he boldly plunged into the angry waters, and swam to the boat. The crew thought he wanted to join them, and tried to take him aboard. No, he would not go within their reach, but swam around, diving his head and sniffing, as if in search of something.

What was he *up to*? What did the creature mean? What did he want?

"Give him the end of the rope," cried one of the sailors, divining what was in the poor dog's brain; "that's what he wants."

A rope was thrown out; the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, not long after—thanks to the intelligence and sagacity of Tiger—the boat and crew were landed safe and sound.

Be kind to the doggies. Many a heroic deed and faithful service have they done for man.

For The Child's Paper.

HOW TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY.

"I want to be a soldier. I want to serve and save my country," cried a little fellow, with a kindling eye.

"What could *you* do?" asked another boy.

"I could do *my part*; and if everybody did theirs, our country would be safe. I only want to know what *my part* is." Brave words, my boy.

You have a *part*, not perhaps in your country's army, but as a soldier-citizen; not to fight on the field of battle, but to wage war against wickedness and wrong. Sin is the great enemy of our country, and it has heavy brigades and powerful forces at its command. It is entrenched in strongholds, and its scouts and spies are out in every direction. It knows our weak points, scales our walls, and undermines our foundations. It has "fiery darts" and masked batteries. There is ruin in its march, and its end is death.

You have indeed a part to do in serving and saving our country. You may not be called to die for

her in battle, but to *live* for her, a brave citizen-soldier, in the power of a pure and holy life. See to it that you do your part. Stand manfully up against wrong; give no quarter to little sins; guard the outposts of right; hold no parley with tempters; harbor no compromise with evil; keep your conscience clear, your eye clear, and the armor of your integrity bright; seek daily supplies of the Bread and Water of Life; maintain constant intercourse with God; be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, prompt to the call of duty, faithful at your post, doing ever as you would be done by. This is the service your country has need of. We want "wisdom and knowledge to be the stability of our times, and the fear of the Lord our strength." When we are strong in righteousness, then we shall be a strong people, whose God is the Lord.

What a noble service you are called to perform for your country, children. There is a post of duty for every child. It is selected just where you are. It may be a humble one, but it is no less a post of trust. Be faithful in it; never flinch from the right; speak the truth; be just, be patient, be firm; do your best; do with all your might; love God with all your heart. This is the highest service you can render to your country. It is a great and blessed service. The godly life of even a little child is the best part, not only of the country's blood, but the country's treasure.

For The Child's Paper.

LOOK.

"Look!" Not run, but look; not go, but look; not stop, but look—look! A great deal depends upon looking.

A boy once had a fine knife, an English knife, with a Sheffield blade, a present from his uncle. He went into the woods one day, and lost it. Not till he reached home was it missed. The poor little fellow felt bad enough. Besides the loss, he was ashamed of his carelessness. What could he have been thinking of? "Go back and look," said his father. "It's no use, I know," said the boy. "Look, look!" repeated his father. He went, and after a careful search the knife was found under a sassafras-bush. *Looking* found the knife.

A packet-ship crossing the Atlantic was nearing the coast. For some days the weather had been lowering. Neither sun nor stars were visible, and no observation had been taken. There was a heavy swell. The log was carefully noted, but the exact whereabouts of the ship could not be ascertained. The mate took soundings, and a sailor was aloft on the look-out. "Breakers ahead!" shouted the man from the mast-head. "Ready about!" thundered the man at the helm. The ropes rattled, the sails flapped heavily, while the bow swung round to the larboard, and the noble ship plunged off from her perilous course. Night set in. Anxious eyes were strained towards the dark and gloomy horizon. The captain consulted his chart. There was a light he ought to make. Where was he drifting to lose it! "Light!" shouted the look-out from the mast-head. A distant glimmer was discovered. The ship's bearing was ascertained. Alarm and anxiety gave way to hope and joy. *Looking* saved the ship.

The Bible says, "Look!" Look, where? Look, to whom? Look, why? "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Who says this? Who is Me? Moses? No; for he says, "I can no more go out or come in." David? No; for he says, "My flesh and my heart faileth." Who? Solomon, the great king? No. "Look not unto me," he says; "put not your trust in princes." Who? John? No; for he says, "He that cometh after me is preferred before me." Who? Paul? No; for he says, "I am less than the least of all saints." Who then?

Moses declares, "The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation." David answers, "In the Lord do I put my trust. He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." John says, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Paul adds, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord."

"Me!" Who? It is the Lord, our Christ and Saviour. "Look unto me," he says, "and be ye saved."

And everybody who has looked says he can make good his promise. He can save from sin, for his "blood cleanseth from all sin." He can save from hell, for he whispers to every dying penitent, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." He can save us from feeling troubled, for he says, "My peace I give unto thee." He can save us from worrying and giving up, for he says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He can save us from being lonely when our dearest friends go away or die, for he says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

What a Saviour we have to look to! You have found, dear children, if you think at all, how many things you have looked to, have failed and disappointed you already. Every thing in this world will, sooner or later; but Jesus never, never will. Oh how sweet to, have such a friend to look to, and to look to him for every thing. Our dear parents and friends can only distribute what *he* gives.

Take home then to your hearts to-day this one little word, "Look." "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45:22. H. C. K.



For The Child's Paper.

"WHAT is to be done with John?" said an anxious father to his wife. "He wont study. Mr. Mayhew says he might as well be out of school as in, for all the good he can do him." "I am sorry to hear it," said his wife. "I did hope John would take to study under Mr. Mayhew."

He did n't, and his father took him from school, and put him into an express-office. "It is a brisk place, and I am in hopes it will stir John up," said his father. John appeared quite interested for a time, and his father and mother took courage.

"Well," said the express-man coming to Mr. Brown at the end of three months, "your boy is n't the right article for us." "What's wanting?" asked his father. "More steam," answered the express-man. "We want a hand that'll put through." "Sorry," said Mr. Brown, "sorry." John left the express-office.

He thought he should like to be clerk in a dry-goods store. After a while his father succeeded in getting him a situation. He took the place of another boy, who was sick. "It will at least give him a chance," said his mother, "and if he makes himself useful, may-be they wont part with him after James comes back." John took his place behind the counter, and an older clerk undertook to show him how. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were in hopes.

In about six months the sick boy was well and

strong, and returned to the store. As business was flourishing, they hoped John would be kept too; but it was not long before the shop-keeper saw Mr. Brown in the street, and began, "I wanted to speak a word about your boy, sir. I'm afraid he is n't cut out for store-keeping. Perhaps there's something else he'd like better."

"What's the difficulty?" asked Mr. Brown. "He isn't wide awake enough for our business," said his employer.

"Sorry," said his father. "John is n't a vicious boy." "Not at all," answered the shop-keeper, "not at all. John is a good-tempered boy as ever was, but not good for us."

Mr. Brown next set his son weeding the garden. While he was weeding, and really making some progress, his father thought about trying him on a farm, especially as farms were not tilled by steam, and work was timed by the slower processes of wind and weather. John himself was pleased with the idea.

Farmer Burney was applied to. "Yes," said the good-natured and obliging man, "I'll try him." "He has no vicious inclinations," said Mr. Brown. "John is not a bad boy."

So John went to live on Mr. Burney's fine farm, situated about six miles from home, one of the best farms in all the region round.

"I think John will like there," said both parents to each other.

He stayed almost a year before the farmer said any thing especial about him, nor did his father ask. He was only glad he stayed. That looked well.

One day his father, passing that way, stopped. "Well," said Mr. Brown, seeing the farmer in the field, "where's John?" "The last I saw him, he was leaning on his spade," said Mr. Burney, smiling. "Where shall I find him?" asked Mr. Brown. "I reckon you'll find him just about there," answered the farmer. Mr. Brown went, and *there* John was.

And there he's been, leaning on his spade, ever since. Not at Mr. Burney's, however. Every thing and everybody else were busy. The sun was shining, the breezes blowing, the corn growing, the grain ripening, the brooks running, the flowers blooming, the weeds rooting. The birds were singing, the bees gathering their honey, the oxen drawing their loads, the cows making milk, the women churning butter. Nothing was idle; even the little ant was tugging with all its might. With such a busy world about him, every thing doing its appointed work, and God himself setting the example, John alone was idle.

And he grew up a poor idler. Idlers do no good to themselves or others. They never succeed in business, never get along, and nobody wants them. Idleness proved itself in John's case, what it does in a thousand other cases, the mother of ignorance, uselessness, and poverty.

A MINISTER had a miller in his parish who was very proud of his mill. It was a very busy mill, grinding and whirring the whole seven days of the week. One day the minister took his sack of wheat to get it ground to fine flour. "A very fine mill this," said the minister, "the best built I ever saw." The miller often heard that said, and thought it was no more than just; "but," continued the minister, "it has one bad defect." "A defect! What, sir?" asked the miller, with a great deal of surprise in his tone. "A very serious defect." "What can it be?" asked the miller. "A defect which will be likely to damage the mill," continued the minister, "and some day ruin the owner." "Can't you tell quick?" cried the impatient miller.

"It grinds on the Sabbath-day!" said the minister. The miller did not expect that, or the solemn and faithful talk which followed; but it went straight to his conscience, wrought by the Holy Spirit a saving work there, and after a while, to the great joy of the neighborhood, the defect was remedied, and the Sabbath-breaking mill never put another grist in its hopper on the Lord's day. Good!



LEARNING TO GO ALONE.

Come, my darling, come away,
Take a pretty walk to-day;
Run along, and never fear,
I'll take care of baby dear.

Up and down with little feet,
That's the way to walk, my sweet;
Now you are so very near,
Soon you'll get to mother dear.

There she comes along at last;
Here's my finger; hold it fast:
Now one pretty little kiss
After such a walk as this.

OUR REST.

Every morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night:
There's a bright land far away
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.

There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are *always green*.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days,
They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow him;
But we cannot see him here,
For our eyes are dim.
There's a bright and happy place
Where men *always* see his face.

Who shall go to that bright land?
All who love the right.
Ransomed children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our *everlasting rest*.

For The Child's Paper.

NO SABBATH IN WAR TIMES.

"I don't want to go to Sabbath-school, I don't," said Joe Jones, with a discontented tone and disbeliever air.

"Not go to Sabbath-school!" said his mother, surprised. "I thought you liked to go."

"Well, I used to," answered Joe; "but there's no Sabbath in war time, and I don't want to go. Mr. Peters says war do n't know any Sabbath."

"Indeed!" said his mother. "Did God tell him so? God, you know, is at the head of affairs. Has he sent a dispatch to abandon the Sabbath? Has he repealed the fourth commandment?"

This unexpected turn rather confounded Joseph. "Well," he said, "soldiers drill and march Sundays, and history said some of the biggest battles had been fought Sundays, and he had heard some folks say there was no Sunday in war time."

"People, I know, are apt to give it up," said his mother; "but I do not know that they have any *authority* to do it, and I should not dare to give it up without orders. Giving up what God has given us to maintain and keep is pretty serious business. You and Mr. Peters have not got the right of it.

The Sabbath was made for war time. If it is good in peace, it is better in war; for war times are hard times, when we want all the strength and comfort we can get."

Joseph looked at his mother with curiosity and interest.

"People are more apt to be wicked in war time," continued she, "because a great many are broken off from the restraints of their families, and they do things which they would not do at home, and say things which they would not say at home; they let themselves down, and slide easily into evil habits. They do not have their minister to warn them, or their church and Sabbath-school and pious friends to keep them straight; so they forget God. But the *Sabbath comes*, and it preaches God. It preaches God's law. It bids them stop and consider. It brings back home. It makes them think. They taste the bitter of sin, and remember the sweet of good. And it says to every young man, to every boy, 'I will keep you if you will keep me.' That is a great promise. Then hold fast to the Sabbath. The Sabbath-keeper is kept from evil ways.

"War times bring distress and suffering. People lose their friends and their property. There is a great deal of want and privation. A great many changes happen. God invites us to come to him for help and comfort. *He* does not change. He can supply our wants. And lest we should think we had no time, he gives us a *special day*, the Sabbath, to study his word, to learn his will, to accept his love, and to get fresh supplies of his grace.

"War times are busy when *death* is busy. Many are hurried into eternity. We prepare for battle, but how infinitely more important is it to prepare to meet God in judgment. Yes, my son, the Sabbath is the great *drill-day* of the soul—a day to turn from the common pursuits of life, and to exercise ourselves in the knowledge of eternal things. We can't do without it. If a people give up their Sabbath *at any time*, they have lost the sheet-anchor of their moral power. If a boy lets go his Sabbath and his Sabbath privileges, he will *certainly* drift to ruin. Never give up your Sabbath."

Joseph went to Sabbath-school, and his mother heard no more of no Sabbath.

For The Child's Paper.

KITTY IN THE CLOSET.

Kitty was naughty—I cannot tell you what she did—and her mother put her in the closet. It was not a dark closet; it had a window in it. She sat down on a trunk and cried. "Naughty mamma, to put her little girl in the closet, and shut her up all alone. Poor little girl with a naughty mamma. Good Kitty—naughty parents."

At last Kitty stopped. It was still, very still, and Kitty thought and thought. She was a good while thinking, and she thought until she thought it was "*naughty Kitty*" and "*good mamma*." Then she knocked at the door. That was what she did when she was sorry, and was ready to ask mamma's forgiveness. Nobody came to open it. She knocked again. No mamma came. Kitty hearkened, and heard "nothing but still."

Had mamma *forgotten* her? Kitty's heart beat quick. She opened the door easy, and peeped out. Nobody was there. "Mamma!" she called. There was no answer. The little girl stepped out. "*Dear mamma!*" She went into the entry and down stairs, calling louder, "*Dear, dear mamma.*" Not a sound was heard. The chairs and table of course took no notice of her. Kitty was frightened. "Has God took my mamma?" she thought. She ran into the kitchen, crying, "*Dear, dear, bestest mamma, here is Kitty,*" and crying very loud. "An' what's the matter?" asked Bridget, taking her hands out of the suds. "Be ye kilt?" Kitty was sobbing as if her heart would break, when mamma came in from the back door, where she had been talking with the man whitewashing.

Kitty ran, and putting up her little arms, clasped them round her mother's neck. "I's so sorry, mamma—so—so," she said in a broken voice. "Forgive Kitty. I want to be good. I love to be good. I try to be good; only it is *so easy* to be naughty."

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys *do*. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers. They *order so*. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk remember, "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you *better served* than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget the three little words, "*If you please.*"

SOME years ago, the dust and shavings from a book-binding, where gold-leaf is used in gilding books, were sent to the gold-beater's to be burnt out. And how much gold do you suppose was found from the little particles which had fallen on the floor? A lump valued at one hundred dollars; enough to buy two hundred Bibles or twenty thousand tracts. The shavings from the edges of books from the same bindery sell for between three and four thousand dollars a year for paper rags.

If boys and girls would save the fragments of time, devoting them to reading and study, they might become learned and wise. If they would save the fragments of money, they might become wealthy and useful. If they would save the fragments of opportunity, they would do a great deal of good.

"I NEVER complained of my condition but once," said Sadi, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but shortly I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot."

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